

any description of Stirling would be fatally incomplete which omitted all reference to the "Links of the Forth." From the name of the river one would expect the course of the Forth to be direct and straightforward. It is everything but that; it should have been called the Meander. It doubles, and winds, and turns upon itself as tho it were loath to leave so charming a spot, and would flow round and round thru the lovely plain, and under the shadow of the rock of Stirling forever. The river's indecision has wonderfully enhanced the beauty of the view, for its graceful windings and its silvery sheen form a picture, as viewed from the top of the rock, as sweet as one may see in a life time.

Formerly for hundreds of years, there was no other means of crossing the Forth than by Stirling Bridge—it is now more than five hundred years old—and this fact gave the place additional military importance; it was called the *Key* to the highlands.

The town is built on the slope of a hill shaped like a reclining lion; the lion's body is the part of the hill covered by the town; his uplifted, shaggy neck, is Stirling Rock, and the castle forms his head. Before the dawn of authentic history a fortress had been built here, and thru all the years since then, Stirling Castle—"the glory of Scotland"—has stood like a grim sentinel guarding the entrance to the highlands.

While the castle is the point of greatest interest, there are other objects about the town which are well worth a passing notice. One of these is High Church, a very old building dating back to the twelfth century. There are really two churches under one roof, and with communicating doors. One part, I suppose, is for the church of England service, and the other for the Kirk of Scotland. John Knox used to preach here, and the coronation of James VI took place in the church. From the church we went to the cemetery adjoining, and our old guide seemed to have an inexhaustible fund of information concerning the former lives of those who are sleeping there. In some cases the stone tells the story without the guide's help. Here is one; the date is 1809, and the spelling is modern:

"Our life is but a winter day;
Some only breakfast and away.
Others to dinner stay,
And are full fed.
The oldest man but sups
And goes to bed.
Large is his debt
That lingers out the day.
He that goes soonest,
Has the least to pay."

The writer of the epitaph evidently lived to eat, as he measured life by the meals he got; but the gloomy view he takes about "staying to supper," raises the suspicion that he was a victim of dyspepsia, and if he was, his fellow sufferers can understand why he doesn't consider the privilege of "lingering out the day," as any very precious boon. Just across the walk from this stone is a marble group of three female figures, one representing an angel, which is really a work

of art. The incident it commemorates is a pathetic one. The story as I got it from the guide and the inscription together is, that the monument was erected to the memory of two girls who suffered martyrdom by drowning, during the time of religious persecution in Scotland. They were tied to stakes in the Solway, and drowned by the rising of the tide. A part of the inscription reads:

"Love many waters cannot quench—God saves
His chaste impearled one in covenant true.
O Scotia's daughters! earnest scan the page,
And prize this flower of grace, blood-bought for
you. Psalm 9: 10, 11."

One of these 'Virgin Martyrs' was only eighteen years old. The date of their martyrdom was 1685.

I meant to speak of Edinburg and Melrose Abbey and Abbotsford, in this letter, but I have lingered about Stirling so long that I must defer the rest for another letter.

Hagerstown, Md.

NOT NECESSARILY TRUE

C H WETHERBE.

There are many Christians who suppose that because a certain religious doctrine is advocated by a man in their denomination who possesses a large measure of scholarship it must be a true doctrine, a Scriptural doctrine; but these people ought to be better informed than to pin their faith to any man's scholarship, independently of their own privilege of ascertaining from the Bible whether or not the doctrine be a true one. Some time ago I read an article in a religious paper by a minister who was arguing in favor of entire sanctification, as against one who took exceptions to John Wesley as an authority on the question, and this writer scorned the idea that Mr. Wesley was not a safe authority on the matter, for he was a very learned man. This writer stated that Mr. Wesley was master of several languages and was far superior in scholarship to many in these days, even such an one as the writer was replying to. Well, while I have a high respect for Mr. Wesley, I totally dissent from the doctrine under consideration as a truly Biblical one simply because Mr. Wesley was a very learned man and as such, supported it. There are learned men who defend the doctrine of Mormonism but their learning and great ability do not make true and Scriptural such doctrines! far from it. If we are going to accept great scholarship as a reason for believing as true certain doctrines, then we might concede that Roman Catholicism must be a true system of doctrines, for there are very many able scholars of that faith who learnedly maintain it, yet Protestants are not convinced of the trueness of that system on account of great scholarship. Shall we say, then, that human learning is worthless as an authority on questions of divine truth? There is much value in it, but we should not be so dependent on it as to deter us from studying the Bible with the honest purpose of learning for ourselves the real truth, whether it suits us or not.

The Home

Help

Words of sympathy deeds of truth,
Hearts that melt where the tears fast fall,
These are a part of the golden truth;
A kind good will is a help to all.

Duty is cold, tho the heart be warm,
Life is a flame, and the soul lies deep—
Under the sun and the wintry storm,
The hills and valleys their purpose keep.

A purpose to bloom when the springtime comes!
A feeling, like love, that awaits its time,
Or a sword, that leaps to the sound of drums
Or thought, that springs to the lilt of rhyme.

Dark! and the dew falls soft on the bud.
Day! and the sun creeps down to the seed.
Health and strength in the rolling flood!
Fragrance hid in the stony mead!

So we help each other by hope and trust,
The time will come to do and give—
If the lowly helper say, as he must,
Oh, patient toiler, rise and live!

—Charles W. Stevenson.

Worth Knowing

Soda is the best thing for cleaning tinware. Apply with a damp cloth and rub well, then wipe dry.

Throw a quantity of salt in the stove if the chimney is on fire and there is danger from sparks; if not let it burn.

A small quantity of baking soda mixed with brick dust will considerably accelerate the process of polishing knives.

Sweet oil and putty powder, followed by soap and water, makes one of the best mediums for brightening brass or copper.

A few grains of alum in tepid water will relieve people whose hands perspire very freely, rendering them unpleasantly moist.

A Sufficient Reward

The late Sir John Stainer, the grand old Church musician, was very fond of children, for whom he wrote some of his most attractive hymns, such as "There's a Friend for little children," and his sweetly simple setting of "Jesus tender Shepherd, hear me."

Once he addressed his brother organists in these words; "I was one Sunday walking at some seaside place, and on turning a corner I heard a hymn I had composed. I thought to myself: I want no higher reward than this for all my work. I can only tell you that I would not exchange it for the very finest monument in Westminster Abbey."

A Beautiful Letter

Most of our readers know who Hellen Keller is, the blind, deaf and dumb girl who is a marvel in both spiritual and intellectual attainments. The American Bible Society sent her some volumes of the Old Testament in raised letters which she reads by the touch of her fingers. Following is her reply, a beautiful, sweet letter. Could there be any better evidence of the power of Christianity than the results attained in the life of this consecrated woman. She writes:

"My Dear Dr. Fox:—The volumes of the